

# Ane Godlie Tractate

**O** Mirrour. Quhairintill may be easilie perceauit quho  
Thay be that ar Ingraftit in to Christ, and quho ar nocht.  
Declaring also the rewarid of the Godlie and Dunysche-  
ment of the wicket. Maid vpon this pairt of Text. Writin in the  
Apostene Chaptour of the Euangell of Ihone. As followis.

**E**re ane man byde nocht in me, he is castin furth, as ane Bran-  
che that withderis. And men gaderis thame, and castis thame  
in the fyre, and thay burne. Were ze abyde in me & my wordis  
also in to you. Ask what ze wil, it salbe done vnto you. Heir in is my  
Father Glozefit, that ze bying furth mekle frute, and be maid my



Discipulis. **C**ompello in secrete, be William Rander, scholliche  
of the roound of Rod. For y<sup>e</sup> Instructioun confort and consolacioun of  
all Faithfull Christians. To quhome he wisheth, Grace, Mercie, and  
peace, in Iesus Christ our Lord and our Saviour. So be it.

**L**uke in this Mirrour, and thou sall cleirly se;  
Gyf y<sup>e</sup> be Reprobat, or chosin it sal Declair to the.

## The Content of this Buke.

To the Reader.

**A**ll faithfull herkin & to my word attend,  
And ernistlie, do merk thame til ane end  
Ponder thame weill, and wey thaim in your  
Ilk stait of mā, consider your awi part (hart  
And Judge me nocht, that I haue done indyte,  
This lytle Tractate, of malice or Dispyte,  
Bot for ane warnyng, to the impenitent,  
And for the confort, of thame that doth repent,  
As may all faithfull, graip and als consider,  
Layand the Text, and this my werk togidder,  
Humblelie exhorting euerie Creature,  
Learnd, vblearnd, auld, zung, ryche and pure,  
To take heirfor, my sayings in gude part,  
Sen I do write thame, of ane zealus hart,  
As God me Judge, quho knawis y mynd & thocht.  
Of euerye wicht, that in this world is wrocht,  
So to my Text, now breuelie to proceed,  
Grit God me help, and with his spreit me speid.

### The Diuision of the Text.

**T**his part of Text, quhilk I am to discyde,  
In to two head, will God I fall deuyde  
The first head, the punyschemēt fall be  
Of wekit Synnair, for thair Iniquytie,  
And speciallie, the torment heir I schaw,  
Of thame that dois, contem God's wourd & Law,  
And how the wekit, ar nocht ingraft in Christ,  
Bot ar the Children, of the Antechrist,  
The secund head, fall be the riche rewaird,

The



The Godlie gett, quhilk dois thair God regaird  
And how tha ar ingraft, in Christ Jesu,  
Be the imbracing, of his wourd most trew.

390. r.

2

The Discription of the first head.

**S**O now returnand till our first head agane,  
Aduert, and ze sall heir the crewell pane,  
The sorrowfull Sentence, and terribill Decreit,  
In to few wourd, ar heir contenit compleit,  
That is prepaired, for wekit Creaturs,  
And vicius men, that in to Vice indurs,

For thame that drownd ar in Idolatrie,  
For poysond pepill, with Infidelytie,  
For stik contemnars, of gods lyuelie wourd,  
This suthfast Sentence, allace it is no bourd.

It is no Sentence be Man retreatabill  
It is no Sentence, be man debaittabill.  
It nowthair sparis, King nor Emprour,  
Duke, Erll, Lord, nor pussant Conquyrour,  
It nowthair sparis, mychtie men nor pure,  
That of the wourd of God, doith tak no cure,  
Bot is ane Sentence, quhilk none can do eschew,  
That dois contem, the wourd of Christ Jesu,  
This Sentence merkit, the pepill we discus,  
That doith nocht abyde in Christ Jesus.

Math.  
i. Peter  
Eia, vi

Here, f.

Ane Generall Discription of thame  
that bydis nocht in Christ.

**I**N Christ tha byde nocht, we do vnderstand,  
The quhilk aggre..ig vnto his command,  
Dois nocht imbrace, his wourd most louynglie,  
With feruent mynd, and hart most constantlie,  
And in that wourd, hes nocht ane solyde faith,  
Thir bydis nocht in Christ, the Scripture saith,  
Bot ar Inuoluit, in to dung hill of Sin,     All.

And enerye daye freine Sin, to Sin tha rin,  
 ¶ It sufficis nocht, that we Baptizit be,  
 Bot it requyris als, of necessitie,  
 That we contynew, in Christs Euangell trewo,  
 Or ellſ we can nocht byde in Christ Jesu.

bon. xv.  
 iach. x.  
 Tim. ii.

¶ Ane Discription of chame in speciall  
 that bydis nocht in to Christ.

al. ii. ad  
 ¶ The Romane Kirk, and all of that Degre,  
 Quhilk dois menteane puerse Idolatrie,  
 Sic as the Hesse, quhilk is plane derogatioun,  
 To Christs gloze, and his most blisset Passioun,  
 With all the rabill, of tha Sophist and Clerks,  
 That doith ascriue, Saluatioun to thair werks  
 Or attribut Remissioun of thair Sin,  
 To ony wicht that is the world within,  
 Tha pepill I say, doith nocht abyde in Christ.  
 Bot ar the Childzen of the Antechrist.

say. iii.  
 ier. i.

uc. ix.  
 ad xiii.  
 iach. x.

cc. iii.

¶ Thir Temporefars, doith nocht in Christ abyde  
 Neathir thir schrinkars, that fro y treuth dois flyde  
 Neathir thir flattrers, that for feir of thair bags,  
 Dois wag about aye, as the busse it wags,  
 Neathir tha pepill, that for feir of thair lyues,  
 And tinsall of thair houshalds, bairnis and wyues,  
 And lose of guds, gear, or wardlie rent  
 Frome Gods wourd, thame selues doith absent  
 For tha that dois, for pleasure of thair Prence,  
 Refuse Gods wourd, of maist magnificence.

Cor. vi.

¶ And sure it is, quho treulie list discydit,  
 God will nocht haue, that man that is deuydit.  
 Bot he will haue him Saule, and bodye haill,  
 Quho is deuydit, his faith doith nocht auail.  
 Dissemblit pepill, doith nocht abyde in Christ,  
 Bot ar the childzen of the Antechrist. And



And as the faithfull in Christ ingraftit be,  
 Be his Euangell, and wourd of Veritie.  
 So is the Kirk malignant, but more plead,  
 Ingraft in Sathan, of that ilk kirk thair head.  
 With dewillysche doctrine, and Idolatrie,  
 Of thame that speyk, leis, throw Hypocresie.

Job. viii.  
 and xv.

3

Of the Brenous Tormentis  
 preordinat for the wekit.

What end mak' thir, to proceed furthir mair,  
 Tha ar cast furth, y Text this doith declair.  
 Maist lyke ane branche, down cuttit of ane stok,  
 That is becum, ane dnye and widderit blok.  
 Meit for no werk, that man wald do desyre,  
 Bot to be brint, and cassin in ane fyre.  
 Euin so the curst Contemnar' of the treuth,  
 And wekit wirkars, for thair Sin and sleuth.  
 That will nocht do, the wourd of Christ embrace  
 Ar clene dnyit vp, frome euerye kynd of grace,  
 And hes no pairt with Christ, nor with his gloze  
 Noir nor the widderit branche, the quhilk before  
 I said had Jusse, or Sapor of the tre,  
 Quhen it is cuttit, and dois frome growing de.

Joan. xv.

Gal. v.

Tha ar cum dnye, with Lust and carnall heit  
 Because tha want, the Sapor of the spreit,  
 Of Christ Jesus, the Sauour of man,  
 Wanting this Jusse, quhairfor ar tha meit than,  
 For nothing ellis, the text it schewis plane,  
 Bot to sustene, of Hellis fyre the pane.  
 As Nero sufferit, for his tirranye,  
 And Pharao for, his grit Idolatrie.  
 And as the gluttoun, quho refusit Lazarus,  
 With mony mo, nor heir I may discus.

Joan. vi.  
 Exo. xiii.  
 vi. vii, viii

Luc. ix.

So

houn. xv.

Math. iii.

Esa. lvi.

**S**o thus the wekit, tha get no vther hyre,  
Bot for thair Sin, ar brynt in flam of fyre,  
Aye Daylie Deand, and neuer zit can de,  
Thus end<sup>s</sup> the wekit, for thair Iniquytie.

houn. iii.

md. xv.

**B**ot lat ws heir, the text perfytlie feill,  
And lat ws merk the wourd<sup>s</sup> thairof richt weill,  
As quhair it sayis nocht, that, that man fall be,  
Cast furth, that bydis nocht in Christ constantlie,  
Bot speykand in the present tyme it sayis,  
He is reieckit now instantlie alwayis  
Albeit on lyfe, that zit he leuand be,  
He is cast furth, the text this latts ws se.

houn. v.

Dec. iiii.

**S**o heir the text, pronuncis till ws plat,  
That Christ he speykis heir of the reprobat  
For as the faithfull, now leuyng heir but more,  
Ar partakers, with Christ in heauinnis gloze.  
And dois begin, thair heauin in earth heir Down,  
Quhen as tha thole, soir persecutioun,  
For richtyusnes, takand in pacience,  
All earthlie trubill, knawand thair Innocence,  
Hayfand respect, and still in memore,  
The heauinnis Joye, and grit felicite,  
That thay at last, be Christ ar till obtene,  
Quhen as tha knaw, thair conscience is clene,  
Of sik Iniury, as wes thair accusatioun,  
This earthlie trubill, is thair grit consolatioun,  
Quhilk consolatioun, it is the waye full euin,  
And pleasand passage, vnto the port of heauin.

**T**he quhilk begynnys, in to this wretched ground  
As in the Scripture, cleirly may be found,  
Quhair as it sayis, and writtin is expres,  
Be mony trublis, sorowis and Distres,

The



The godlie fall in heauin, haue thair In trance.  
Thair to posses, thair Just inheritance.

Act. iiii.

¶ Euin so all thay, to speyk in wourd<sup>s</sup> breue,  
That godlie will, in to Christ Iesus leue,  
Man thame addres, his Croce for to vptake  
And suffer persecutioun for his sake.

ii Tim. iii.

¶ As the Appostil<sup>s</sup>, ad Propheits nocht posses,  
The heauinnis gloze, in earth with wardlie rest  
Bot sum tholit death, and sum richt sore torment,  
Heir vpon earth, or tha till heauin vp went.

Heb. ii.

¶ Directlie speakand in the contrarie,  
Of wekit pepill, that leuis sinfullie.  
To quhome also, is knawin the wourd of God,  
And wilfullie, dois rin the contrair rod.

In werk and wourd, in thocht, and in Intent  
Expresse aganis the Lordis commandiment,  
Contynewand thus, in thair Sin and offence,  
This man can neuer haue peace in conscience,  
Quhilk peace quho want<sup>s</sup> þ treuth most trew to tel  
Is the begynning of the paynis of Hell.

Heb. vi.  
and. x.

Quhilk paynis infernal, begynnys lyke wyse we se  
In to this earth, and Uaill of miserie,  
Quho wants this rest, and peace of conscience,  
Of this may haue, ane sure experience.

For quhill he leuis, his conscience tryis and berks,  
Gods wraith to wraik him, for his wekit werks,  
Quhen he is dead, his conscience sall accuse him,  
And him condamp, quhair he hes done abuse him.

¶ And as the faithfull, now leuand heir on lyfe,  
Of all degre, baith Infant, man and wyfe,  
Hes now in Heauin, of Gods especiall grace,  
Alk ane thair awin, preparit roum and place.

So

**S**o hes the wekit, leuand I zow tell,  
Ilk ane thair awin, appoyntit rowmes in Hell.

**T**o tell quho ar, Eleckit or refusit,  
I can nocht saye, thairin hald me excusit.  
Can nane thair of, haue sik experience,  
As man him self, grapand his awin conscience.

**L**yke as the man, that finds his lyfe aggre,  
To Gods command, and wourd of verite.  
And hes ane feruent mynd to perseueir,  
Under the reull of Gods wourd sincere,  
Syne dois stinew, as Gods word dois direc him,  
That man may knaw, that God hes done elec him  
And with the wekit, thocht still he be suspectit,  
Zit still the faithfull, may compt him as eleckit.

**A**nd in the contrair, accompt this for no bourd,  
Quho dois contempne, of God the lyuelie wourd.  
And dois menteine, peruerst Idolatrie,  
And will nocht cum, to heir the veritie.  
And quha that cumis to heir, and dois abuse it,  
And quha hes hard, syne efter dois refuse it,  
Turnand as Tyk, vnto thair bomatyue,  
As sum hes done, that leuand ar on lyue.

**C**ontynewand this, in to thair odious Sin,  
Ending thair lyuis, as than tha do begin.

Luc. xii.

I can nocht say, nor on na wayis excuse thame,  
Bot force man grant, y God hes done refuse thame

**T**he Exhortatioun vpon the  
first head.

**W**hairfor I do, Imploir with humbill hart  
Ilk mā in earth, to ponder thair awin part,  
And to considder, in to quhat stait tha stand,  
Quhidder with God, or contrair his command,  
tha



That he that stands, may stand, and nocht do fall, i. Cor. x.  
 And quho hes fallin, may knaw the sam at all.  
 Syne praye to God, in to most hartlie wyse,  
 To grant thame grace, by frome thair fall to ryse,  
 And to contynue, in Christ's Euangell trew,  
 And so Ingraftit, in to Christ Jesu,  
 This fer deir brether, sail stand for the first heid,  
 Next to the Secund, shortly I proceid.

Their endis the first Head. And followis the  
 Secund head, with the Text thair of.

**O**ue ze abyde in me, and my wourdis, also  
 In to zow. Ask quhat ze will. It sal be done vna-  
 \*\* to zow. Heir in is my Father Glorefyit. That ze  
 bring furth mekill fructe, and be maid my  
 Discipulis. Johan. xv.  
 Ec. 4

**T**he fructe the proffit, and the commodytie  
 In to this gratius, and Godlie Unitie,  
 Betuix Christ Jesus, and his Kirk most trew,  
 Lo Christ he dois heir furthirmore ensew,  
 To mak the consolatioun the moir,  
 Of his Discypulis, he speak the sam heirfoir,  
 And for to draw thame till ane constancie,  
 He schewis thame, the grit Utilitie,  
 That followis thame, that in him dois abyde,  
 In to few wourds, he dois the sam discyde.  
 Christ sayis thir wourds, gyf ze will hyde in me,  
 Thairthrow ze sall obtene grit proffitt thre.

**B**ot quhat ar tha? that dois in Christ remane,  
 Tha kynd of pepill, the Text declaris plane.  
 Euin tha it sayis, that dois my wourds embrace,  
 Tha same in me, tha haue ane dwelling place,

Johan. x.

i. Johan. i.

oan. viii And tha be faith, in me ar still Ingrauit,  
 And I in thame, thairthrow rychtso consauit,  
 So this Coniunctionum, and this Vanitie,  
 Betuir Christ Iesus, and his Kirk treuolie,  
 Is be no meanis, bot be his wound imbrasing,  
 Ioan. ii. And it in to thair Inwert Bowell placing  
 om. iii. As wes of Abraham, and mony faithfull mo,  
 id. Go ceache the Scripture, and thow fall find it so.  
 Ioan. ii. We find nocht heir, the Daip that Antechrist,  
 Doith ws Conione, vnto our Maister Christ  
 Nor we perceane, nocht heir that our ingrauyng  
 Is in to Christ, be our Byschopis receauyng,  
 As be Annoynting, and schauing of our Croun,  
 We find nocht heir, sic vaine Coniunctionum,  
 Ioan. ii. Bot onlie find ws, Ingraft in Christ Iesu,  
 Iho. ii. Be the imbrasing, of his wound most trew.  
 And quho so thus, with Christ Conioynit be,  
 May be assurit, to get thir proffitt thre,  
 The quhilk in ordour, as tha stand in the Text  
 I sall declair, I lkane till vthir Annex.

The First Commodite of thame that abydis  
 in to Christ.

The Text.

Ask quhat ze will. It sall be  
 geuin vnto zow.

✠ (✠) ✠

oan. xv. **H** Erst, in this Spirituall Unioun we haue,  
 Quhat richting thig of Christ y we sal craue,  
 Quhat better thing can man seik for his hyre,  
 Nor get all thing, he Iustlie will desyre,  
 No better thing can onye pray for wys,  
 In to this earth, on lyfe that leuing is.

For



For haue all thingis, to thame perfoynit and done,  
That Godlie is, be the grit God abone,  
For the unbrasing of his wound most trew,  
And so to be Ingraft in Christ Jesu.

Joan. xi  
L. Joan.

I compt thame daft, and mekill wors nor mad,  
That layk this gift, so lichtlie may be had,  
Sekand the sam, vpon ane vther ground,  
Quhill be no vther maner can be found.

¶ Sen Christ hes promist, this to his faithful all  
Be this Coniunction, and Unioun Spirituall,  
I saye, it is bot verraye Vanytie,  
For to desyre, Christ with vs corporallie.

Joan. vi  
ct. xvi,

¶ It is the Spreit, that quykis auld and zing,  
The corporall flesche, it proffittis no thing,  
Without sayis Christ, my body do ascend,  
The Confortour, to zow I can nocht send,

¶ Thus it behouit, Christ of necessitie,  
Unto the Father, to passe vp reallie.  
Quhair he abydis, and euer sall remane,  
Quhill he discend to Judge the world agane.  
For vthir wyse, gyl Christ had nocht ascendit,  
The holy Gost till vs, had nocht discendit.

Mar. vi  
Luc. iiii.  
Joan. xi  
Heb. x.  
Act. vii.  
Joan. xv

¶ Thow can not Papist, be Scripture mak it  
That Christ sensyne, did corporallie discend, (kend  
How is it than? thow think no schame to le,  
To say thow mak him, and eyt him carnallie.

¶ Now may it heir, be sperit and demandit,  
And gude it wer, that we suld vnderstandit,  
Quhat is the cause? the Kirk Papisticall,  
Can neuer haue this Unioun Spirituall,  
Of Christ Jesus, trewlie in thame ingrauit,  
The cause is this, sa fer as I perceauit,  
That so lang as tha sey k him carnallie,

Joan. vi

Tha

uth. xvi. Tha can no wayis, posses him Spirituallie,  
ath. xvi. As the Appostill, beleuing Christ to ring,  
ro. In earth, amangs thame as ane temporall King.  
So lang as tha, of this had Esperance,  
dan. viii. Tha euer leuit still, in Ignorance.  
ic. ix. And neuer knew, quhat Christ ment in his teaching  
For all his Daylie and contynewall preaching,  
No moir fall neuer no carnall Creature,  
oz. ii. So lang as tha fall fleschelie Folk Indure  
Cum to the knowledge, and intelligence,  
Of Gods wourd, and Spirituall pure sentence.  
Thocht Angell wer, to preache it to thame plane,  
Preue quho so please, thair labour fall be vane.

To Be-  
ig. de  
se.  
c. ii. Now falls it weill, to vs to wey but moir,  
Quhat wes the cause, the reasoun and quhairfoir  
The Papistis said, tha maid Christ Keallie,  
In to thair Bessie, and Eate him carnallie.

As I perceaue, it wes that tha and thair,  
Nycht stylit be, most holy God makairs  
And thairthrow cum to worldlie Pomp and gloir  
Richt as tha did, for nane nicht clim to moir.  
For Papis precellit, the Kings in Dignytie,  
And Kings thay seruit, with all Humilytie.  
And Cardinals, wes Companzeonis to our Kings,  
For with my Eis, my self did se thir things.  
This mouit thame, that werk till Interpreyse,  
Quhilk montit thame, on sic ane prydfull wyse.

And thocht sū schaisling wald haue ilk nycht in  
Ane Cōcubyne, ane Harlote, or ane Hure, (cure  
With gaping, Jowking, with mony bek and nod,  
Upon the morne, he wald haue maid zow God.

Sa lyke, sa lyke, as it wes trew to be

quhen



Quhen name of thame, could mak ane lytill fle.  
 And zit no schame, to tak in hand tha thocht,  
 To mak grit God, quhilk maid all thing of nocht,  
 Grit God we pray, sen Prencis wald perceave,  
 And it in to thair harts deiplie graue,  
 How be tha Juglours tha haue bene blindlynes led  
 With deuillysche Doctrine, fosterit and fed.  
 Na dout gude Lord, bot than tha wald refuse it,  
 Quhen as tha knew, how tha haue bene abuse it.

Cane Questioun Direct to all Papistis deman-  
 ding gyf Christ can be Separet frome  
 the Faithfull.

**A**n Christ be frome thame, y he do stil support  
 And grants to thame, thair will in lauchfull  
 No thair is none, of Judgement discreit, (sozt,  
 Can saye, bot he is present in the Spreit,  
 Still in to thame, that ar his trew Eleckit,  
 Least tha alwayis, with Sin suld be subieckit,

Mathew.  
xxviii.

Esay. xlv.  
Isal. c. xx.  
ix.

I mene with, grit and odious transgressioun,  
 Siclyke as thift, reif, murther, and oppressioun,

For thocht y richtyus, doith seuin tymes daylie  
 Zit dois he nocht, contynew still thairin, (Sin,  
 For be his Spreit, Christ geuis thame Judgement  
 To know thair Sin, syne maks thame to repent.

So that tha do nocht, in thair Sin delyte,  
 Bot murnis thairfor, with conscience contryte,  
 As David, Peter, and the Magdalene,  
 With mony mo, nor heir I may contene.

Christ als is with thame, as Vicar generall,  
 Rewlar, and gydar, of the faithfull all.

Heb. i.

Without quha is spreit, no gude thing ca be wrocht,  
 Without his help, our strenth aualis nocht.

In him we leue, and mouis quhill we indure,

Act. xvii.

It is

It is he onlie, that tak's on vs cure,  
Thus none can saye, but Christ most certanlie,  
Is he his Spreit, with vs contynewallie.

Joan. xiiii. So till his kirk, Christ heir before his Passioun,  
Repeat' thir wourdis: to gyf thame consolatioun,  
That tha in that, suld nocht discouragit be,  
For his deperting frome thame corporallie.

Mathew. xvi. Bot be his Spreit, he promist stil support thame,  
So on this wayis, Christ Jesus did confort thame,  
Howbeit sayis he, I am to passe abone,  
Ask quhat ze will, it sall to zow be done,  
Prouyding alwayis, that ze constant be  
Abiding at my wourd of Verite.

1 Cor. x. This consolatioun dois serue for vs also,  
Assuring vs, quhair euer we ryde or go,  
Ze euin amyd our Iynneis most grit,  
He euer is with vs, present in the spreit.  
Luc. xxi. Preseruing vs, and doing vs defend  
Mathew. viii. As he hes promist, vnto the wardlis end.

Now haue ze herd, the first commoditie,  
The riche rewaird, and grit vtilitie,  
Breiffie discussit, of thame that ar ingrauit,  
In to Christ Jesus, and how it is conceauit,  
Now herkin fordwart, and ze sall schoortlie heir,  
The Secund proffeit, discussit in ordour cleir.

The Discriptioun of the Secund Commo-  
ditie of thame that abydis in Christ.

The Text.

Heirin is my Father Glorifyit, that  
Ze bring furth mekill fruct. &c.

Joan. xv. The Secund proffeit, we sal bring furth gude  
And of gude werk' sal not be destitute (frute  
that



That dois Gods wourd, into thair harts imbrace, Math. v.  
Making it thair, to haue ane dwelling place.

For as the day, can nocht be without lycht,  
Nor the cleir Sone, withouttin beames bricht,  
The flamingyng fyre, without Calyditie,  
Or without water, can be the raging Se,  
No more the godlie, as writt<sup>t</sup> cunningyng Clerk,  
Can gudlie be, withouttin godlie werk.  
With quhilks tha do the Father glozefie,  
That ringand is, in to the Heauin most hie.

¶ This frute but dout, tha ar the godlie deids, Iaco. ii.  
Quhilk fro Christ Jesus, the faithfull wine pceids, Math. iii.  
As is the Doctrine, of his wourd most pure,  
Sincirlye Preacheit, to euerie Creature.

Be quhilk men ar, conuertit speciallie,  
Frome Sin and Vice, and frome Idolatrie.  
To godlynes, quhairin the Lord delyts,  
As Paule in his Epistills plainlie dyts.

Ephc. v.  
Col. iii.

¶ Thir Godlie fruts, dois also notefie,  
Gyf we the faithfull, and Germane branchis be,  
Of Christ Jesus, quha is the onlie wyne,  
That did Redeme, our Sauls all frome pyne.

Joan. xv.

¶ Quho wants thir fruts, lat thame all talking  
And nex compt yaim of chryst, to be a bräche (stäche  
Bot lat thaim grant, yaim branchis Imps & sperks Math. v.  
To be of Sathan, seing thair sinfull werks.

¶ Ane Exclamation. Aganis all fenzcit ypo-  
critis. And speciallie, aganis  
all gredie Dissemblit fals  
Protestantes.

**O** fie on zow, that callis your selffs professours, Mathew  
xxiii.  
Syne notit ar, for manifest transgressours,  
seing

Gods wourd is heauylie sclanderit for your caus,  
Seing ze do nothing obserue his Lawis,  
Ze skar the wayklings frō the wourd receauyng,  
Throw your vngodlie, and vicius behauyng.

¶ Quhat sayis the pure? behalding your trāsgres-  
Grit God preserue vs frō this lewd p̄fession (sion  
Is this Gods wourd, that learnis thame this euill  
It semis rather, this wourd cūmis of the Deuyll,  
Wer it Gods wourd, we mycht rycht weill be sure,  
Tha wald nocht in sic deuylrie indure.

¶ Dufft vp in pryde, sik as wes neuer sene,  
Before, with ony mortall mannīs Cine.

Moir grit expens, is maid as I suppose,  
Upon ane pair, of prophane Monstruus hose.  
Nor wald do cleith, ane hundreth of the pure,  
That gois nakit, begging frome dure to dure.  
Salyke sic Pryde, pertenis to trew teaching,  
Or ony poynt, of the Appostill's preaching.

1 Cor. xvi

Eccl. x.

Tob. iiii.

Eccl. x.

¶ The Godlie aucht nocht, to hald vile pryde in  
Seing it is the Mother of all vyce, (pryce,  
Quhair of proceidis all distructioun,  
And brings Kingdomes to confusioun.

Esa. xliii.

¶ For Pryde Lucypheir frō Heauinnis gloze he  
And daylie is tormentit in the Hell. (fell  
With mony thousand's of his oppynnioun,

2 po. xliii.

Throw verray pryde, from Heauin to him fell down  
¶ Pharao for pryde, wes drownit in the Seve,  
With all his horsis, and crewell Companye.

1 Reg. xix

¶ Sennacherib, for all his host and schoze,  
Wes put to flycht, syne be his Sone forloze.

1 Dani. iiii.

¶ And Nabuchodonezer, for his Pryde,  
As Daniell, dois distinctlie weill discyde.

wes



Wes for his hicht transformit in ane beist,  
Quhill he agane of lawlynes did taist  
Granting him self to be ane mortall wicht,  
And God allone, to be the Lord of micht.

In to the buke, of Hester is declaird,  
How on that gallous, proude Aman had prepaired,  
To put gude Herdocheus to the dead  
Him self wes hangit withouttin moir remead,  
This to be schort, quho list to pryde pretend  
May be assurde, of ane mischeuous end.  
And in the contrair, quha wald exaltit be,  
Go learne at Christ, to lead Humelytie.

Hester

W. 10. r.  
Ezech.  
Joan. 1

9 Ze clois your ears, ad turnis away your eyis,  
Quhair ze your pure and nedye brethren sevis,  
Your Cheritie, it is be cum sa cauld,  
Ze thole thame de, but reuth I der be bauld,  
And euerie fatt Souch, fed ad flammis ane vther,  
Grit God thairfor, will plaig that faithles futher.

And zit ze ar, nothing of this eschamit,  
Bot ze will all, Protestant still be neminit,  
So ar ze nocht, for Ihone sayis ze do lie,  
Ze knaw nocht God, nor zit his wourd trebolie,  
That seis your nedie Brother in distres,  
Syne helps him nocht, bot layf him mercyles.

1. Joa. 1  
et. iii.

Your gredynes, it stink and fylis the air,  
I vg your Murthour, and Hirschip to declair,  
For thocht ze sla nocht pure men with your knyues  
Zit with your Dearth, ze tak from thame the lyues

Quhat differs Dearth, frome creuell brigancys  
Quhen that ze mak the Pure for hunger dye.

No thing at all, most trebolie to conclude,  
Except of thame, ze do nocht draw the blude,

C

For ze contryne thame, as wyse mē merke and seie,  
Till one of thir two, grit Extremiteis,  
Till vtter hirschip, with bying of thair fide,  
And want tha money, than schoztlie to conclude  
Thair is no credeit, bot of Necessitie  
The Pure Broder, for Hunger he man die.

athew. v. **G**od send zow nocht, y Victall of the ground,  
That ze the pepill, suld fameis and confound,  
Bot that ze sould, thairof gude Stewarts be,  
Helpand the Pure, in thair necessite.

zo. xi. **N**o be till him, that hurdis bp his Corne,  
Syne kepis it bp to dearth, fra morne to morne,  
Bot Gods blissing, fall lyght vpon his head,  
That lat it furth, that pure men may get bread.

**B**ot as ze cloise, zour Gernall frome y puris,  
Quhilk now thairby, grit miserie induris,  
So God fall cloise, on zow for zour grit Sin,  
His Heauinlie Dorte, quhē ze wald faine cum in.

rod. xxii  
bac. ii. **S**o on this wyse, quhē y ze scourge the pure,  
God fall zow Plag, agane for that be sure,  
Experience Daylie teachis ws of this,  
Merke quhē ze please, ze fall nocht find it mis.

**I**neid nocht rekkin zour filthye Harlotrie,  
It is so knawin, our alquhair oppinlie  
Quhilk to rehearse, It maks me abhor,  
Bot as the Townis, of Sodome and Gomo.  
The Creatur, and all that in thame was,  
With fyre frome Heauin, consumit was with as.  
Gene. x. x. For that foule stinkand Sin of Lychorie,  
Richt so ze Harlot, but dout fall Plagit be.  
Be the grit Richtie God Omnipotent,  
Except that ze moir spedylie repent.



**F**or mony ane tyme, and daylie it is sene,  
 How sic vile harlot, for Hurdome plagit bene,  
 With most extreme, and vrgent pouertie,  
 Quhilk sumtyme had, of ryches grit plentie,  
 Sumtyme with maist detestebill odious schame,  
 Loyssing for euer, thair honour and thair fame,  
 And sumtyme plagit, be God with suddand dead,  
 Bot quho that list, with wisdom to take head,  
 May daylie merk, and als perspytie se,  
 The Harlot oftymes, plagit with all thre.

Luc. x.  
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 100.

10 **C**it nocht wil mak thame frō thair sin refrane  
 Quhill Saule & bodie, be Damnit to hellis pane.  
 For tha perceauie nocht, that thair Miserie,  
 Dois licht on thame, for thair Iniquytie.

Gal. v.  
 Apoc. x.  
 i. Cor. x.  
 Heb. xi.

Bot rycht as Pharaο, on God's plaigs wald not  
 Bot thocht tha come, be fortune & be chance (pance,  
 No moir the Harlot, can think his hart within,  
 That God dois plaig him for his filthie Sin,  
 And so as Balzeart in Beltrie perseueiris,  
 Quhill of thair strenth, consumit be the zeris.

The pure Plewme, & laubouraris of your lands,  
 Quhen tha haue nocht, to fill your gredie hands.  
 Quhair ze can spye, ane man to geue zow mair,  
 Ze schute thame furth, syne puts ane vther thair,  
 Howbeit the first haue Barnis aucht or nyne,  
 Ze tak no thocht, thocht man and all sulde tyne.  
 Within few zeris, ze herye him also,  
 Syne puts him furth, to beggin most he go,  
 Thus schift ze our, in to most gredie wyse,  
 The quhilk ane Vengeance frome y Heauin crys.

**C**it for all this, ze neuer ar content,  
 Howbeit ze haue, befer moir land and rent,

Esay. xxi.  
 iii.

1. v.  
iii.

Now ever had, your fatheris now befor  
Bot ever gredie, and gaping still for more.

And all this is, for to setfurth your pryde,  
Your housis halding is down, & laid on syde  
Quhair hunders wount your faders to conuoye,  
Now will ze ryde, with ane man and ane boye.

Nocht hes the wyte, of this your filthie Vice,  
Bot that fals gredie Idole Auerice,  
Quhilk chokkit hes, your harts so haillelie,  
That nothair to God, nor honour ze haue Ce.

1. v.  
ii.

Grit meruell is, of now that gett this muk,  
Bot ze sould haue, abundance with gude luk  
And zit we se, thair dois nothing succaid,  
Bot barrane ground, with mony frutles weid,  
Noir emptye now, of warldis gear and gude,  
Nor wes your faders, that fand rycht mony fude,  
Quhilks had nocht half, sa mekill for to spend  
Zit had grit ryches, and honour to thair end.  
And ze ar nedye, thristles and threid bair,  
Of wrangus gude, no better man can fair.

cl. viii.  
ay. v.

Judge ze your selfis, in your awin conscience,  
Quhat is the cause, of your grit Indigence,  
I saye for me, God will nocht send increse,  
To thame that wrangus Conqueis dois possesse.  
Syne knawis Gods wourd, syne dois y contrarie,  
How can sic pepill, with grit God fauourd be.

psue. vii

We reid how Acham, be Gods commandimēt  
And be his rycht, and most Just Judgemēt,  
Wes stond to death, as Josue concluds  
Because he tuke, of Excommunicat gudis,  
Gyf ze haue done, with siclyke gudis mell,  
I can nocht say, Judge that amangs your sell.

Quho



**Q**uho list the Storie of Achab to persw,  
And Iesabell his wyfe, that Naboth slew,  
For his wyne Zaird, throw gredie Couatpce,  
Thair sall ze find, how God did plaig that Wyce,  
And maid thame both, most miserablie to de,  
For thair foule Murthour, and Cupeditie.

2 Reg. xx

// **S**aul lost his Kingdome throw his gredines, 1 Reg. xiii

And riche Naball, for his grit churlyshenes,  
Schewin to David, almaist had bene distroyit,  
Gyf Abygall had nocht it weill conuoyit.

1 Reg. xxi

And measit David, verray Prudentlie,  
Zit God maid Naball, schortlie for to de.  
And him bereft, frome all his wardlie wrak,  
For ony fence, the churlysche Carll could mak,  
As sall all wrachit Churlis, layf thair geir,  
And vtheris thair of, sall mak mirrye cheir.

Ecl. vi  
et xiii

That nocht pertenuit, to thame be kin nor blude,  
All wrachis wrak, thus endis to conclude.  
Zit mony of Naball's blude, dois rest behind,  
Bot verray few, of Abygall's to find.

**S**aul dois pronounce, in wourd's plane & euin, 1 Cor. vi  
That Couatus men, sall nocht inherit Heuin,  
And dois forbid, that we expresse,  
Suld bear the Couatus ony companie.

et vi

**L**o we se heir, quhat nedis processe mair,  
That God's trew wourd, maist plainlie dois declare  
That Couatus mē, quhat way that euer tha wend,  
Sall nocht at lenth, eschaip ane soye end.

**T**he Mes that Idoll, praysit be God is past,  
Bot Couatpce, the quhilk is cum in last,  
Is the worst Idoll, of the twa be fer,  
Gyf that this Idoll Kax, it will all mer,

Exo. xxxii

Eph. v.

**All**

jac. ii.

po. xxi.

All will be brocht, vnto confussoun,  
Gods wourd and Lawis, vnto abusoun,  
The Ciuell Justice, sall peruertit be,  
Aporis fall ryse, and start vp haistlie,  
No man fall leue at rest and peace with vther,  
Except this Idoll, be banist with the tother,  
And wer we quyte, of thir fals Idols baith,  
The Godlie than, nicht soundlie sleip but skaith.

aan. iii.  
1. et xv.

Refrane intyme, with speid repent and mend,  
Or God ane sudand plaig, fall on zow send,  
And punysche zow, be fer moir crenellie,  
Nor Ignorant, befor wes wint to be.

erc. v.

po. ix.

here. ix.

xvii. and  
xxviii.

Isa. xxviii

Without ze mend maist certainlie I say zow,  
Gods holy wourd, but dout fall be tane fra zow  
Because with zow, it is nothing regardit  
Thairfor with God, ze fall be so rewardit,  
That vncouth Strangears, of ane fozene Natioun  
Sall disapoynt zour kirk, and Congregatioun  
Quhilk is the gritest Plaig, that God can send,  
This fall nocht mis, without ze schoortlie mend,  
Ze fall be Plagit so, and on sik wyse,  
That ze fall wyffe zour death, ane hundreth syse.  
And quhen ze wald, zit fall ze no wayis de,  
That death ze Zairne, it fall fast frome zow fle,  
For Disobedience, vnto Gods wourd,  
Ze fall be Plagit, with Hunger, Pest, and swourd  
With Hirschip, fyre, with Dearth, and Pestelence,  
Because ze Sin, aganis zour Conscience,  
For Gods wourd, wes neuer moir trewlie teachit,  
Nor it is now, in mony placis preachit,  
And neuer sa mony vngodlie pepill sene  
In to this earth, sen it Inhabit bene.

quhairfoir



**Q**uhairfor gyl ze grit God wald glorefie,  
Embrace his wourd, and learne to fructefie,  
And lat your werks, and wourds aggre togidder,  
That euerye man, may graip and als consider,  
It is Gods wourd, and pure Religioun,  
That ze obserue, in your professioun.

Joan. xv

<sup>12</sup> **Q**uhat helpis it, thocht we the wourd professe  
Except the frute proceid i gair of expresse.

Jac. i.

Thus lat your deids, so schyne in tymes to cum,  
Tha sall be sene, and kend till all and sum,  
That the Behaldars, may crye w<sup>th</sup> Joyfull steuin,  
Grace, gloze, ad honour, be to y<sup>r</sup> Father of Heuin,  
So quhen your werks, dois w<sup>th</sup> your wourds aggre  
No dout ze sall, the Father glorefie.

Joan. xv

**T**he secund proffit, rycht as our Text it merks  
Tuytching the bringing furth, of Godlie werks,  
With faithfull Depill, that dois thair God regaird,  
Simplie I haue, heir in few wourds declaird  
So that thair rests, of this mateir no mair,  
Bot the thrid proffit, onlie to declair,  
Quhilk schortlie now be Gods grace I sall end  
Gyfe ear<sup>s</sup> heirfor, and to my wourds attend.

Followis the Thrid Proffit of thame  
that abydis in to Christ.

**T**he Text.

And be maid my Discyplis.

**T**he thrid, and finall last Commoditie,  
The trew Discyplis of Christ we sall all be,  
That bydis in Christ, & Christs wourd in to thame  
My Text, this Sentence plainlie dois declame,

Joan. xv

**B**e the quhilk wourd<sup>s</sup>, merking y<sup>r</sup> circumstance  
Heir is requyrit? ane ferme contynewance,  
In to Gods wourd, compleitlie to our end,  
Gyl we his trew Discyplis wald be kend.

Joan. xv

**C**oncorant men, my Text hest plane declaris,  
None for to be, of Christ's trew Scholaris,  
Bot tha ar Christ Discyplis to conclude,  
That will conferme, his Doctrine w thair blude,  
As quhen it cumis to that Extremite,  
For to Renunce, Christ's Wangell or to de,  
And chulis than, to suffer fyre and swourd,  
Rather nor to renunce his Heauinly wourd.

**A**s did the Prophet, and Mertyris mony one  
With the Appostill, in to the dayis bygone,  
And in our dayis, rycht mony we did se,  
For Christ's wourd, do suffer pacientlie.  
Maist cruell death, and mycht haue had thair lyues  
With zeirlye rent to thame, thair barnis & wyues,  
Gyf tha the wourd of God, wald haue refusit,  
Tha did nocht swa, bot bitter death tha chusit.

**C**or. i. **A**ll thir Discyplis, hes this rewaird heirfore,  
Tha sall haue pairt with Christ in Heauinnis gloze,  
As dois the promeis of Christ till ws propone,  
In the Euangell, of the Apostill Ihone.

**Mat. xvi** **Q**uhair to the father Christ, speykand speciallie  
Sayad thir wourds, quhom thou hes geuin to me  
I will that tha, thair be with me also,  
And se my gloze in Heauin, quhair I sall go,  
So this last proffit the rest dois fer transcend  
That is Eternall, and neuer sall haue end.

**Mat. xvi** **S**uld lose of gudis, lyfe, or feir of pyne,  
Mak ws this Heauinlie Thesaure for to tyne  
Quhat is it wourth, to man to win but more,  
The haill world, wanting the Heauinnis gloze.

**A**ll earthlie things, tha ar bot transitorie,  
Except this Heauinlie, and Celestiall glozie,

**Quhill**



Quhilk be no uther means can be posselt,  
Except Gods wourd, in to our hart tak rest.

That death to man, it is grit consolatioun,  
The quhilk dois lead, the Saule vnto saluatioun.  
Bot verray feirfull, and dolent is that dead,  
That dois the Saule, vnto Damnatioun lead.

13 With Deligence, now lat vs all heirfore,  
Embrace Christ Jesus, that we may cum to gloze,  
And in tymes cūning, lat none so ernistlie pance  
On earthlie gloze, that lest bot ane glance.  
Bot lat our laubour, studie and Meditatioun,  
Be euer bent, to seik for our Saluatioun,  
And deiply in our hart, lat vs considder,  
None can serue God, & Mānone boith togidder.

And no worth y land, y gud, gear, and flesche,  
That dois man frome, this heuinlie gloze depesche,  
To the quhilk gloze, now breidly to conclude,  
Not bring vs Christ, that bocht vs w his blude.

So be it.

Gloze, Honour, Prayse, and Laude, Eternallie,  
To God, for this pure werk, and none to me,

Quod Lauder.

## The Lamētatioun

Of the Pure. Twiching the Miserabill Estait of  
this Present Warld. Compylit be William  
Lauder. At Perth. Primo Februarii.

1568.

This warld is war nor euer it was,  
Full of myscheif, and all malure:  
Fals and fragell as the glas,  
How lang Lorde sall, this warld indure.

D

**F**or many dois God's worde profes,  
Bot for to keip it, few takis cure:  
Thay ar so bent to weikithnes,  
How lang Lord wyll this world indure.

**N**ow euerie fat Sow, feidis ane vther,  
And few hes pitie on the Dure:  
Couatice gydis, and rewlis the Ruder,  
How lang Lord wyll this world indure.

**T**he men quhome God hes rychelie dotit,  
Abhorris the emptye Creature:  
Cheiflie Protestantes, lat ws notit,  
How lang Lord wyll, this world indure.

**Z**it ar nocht thir, Protestantes trew,  
Bot Ipocretis, I am most sure:  
That hes renuncit Christ Jesu,  
How lang Lord wyll, this world indure.

**F**rome fraude, falsset, and frome gyle,  
No Preaching can the pepill allure:  
Lawtie, and luise, ar in exile,  
How lang Lord wyll, this world indure.

**H**ypocrasie vaine Gloze, and Pryde,  
Now blawis thair Bugillis, strang and sture:  
Simplysitie, is sett on syde,  
How lang Lord wyll, this world indure.

**T**he reuth that Papistis hes I saye,  
On thame that beggis frome dure to dure:  
Sall ws accuse, on Domesdaye,  
How lang Lord wyll this world indure.

**N**ow many vllis Sollerie,  
Doand the deuylis of Hell coniuere:



Seikand to knaw, how all suide be,  
How lang Lord wyll, this warld indure.

¶ Justice is rowpit, as vtheris waris,  
This is most plane, and nocht obscure:  
The pure Depill it declaris,  
How lang Lord wyll, this warld indure.

¶ The falshest Actioun, that may be,  
Sall no wayis want ane Procuture:  
The Deuyll he wyll, get one for fe,  
How lang Lord wyll, this warld indure.

¶ Loude leand Lobreis for thair sleuth,  
Was treatit passing throw mosse and Mure:  
Upon trew Breacheour, few hes reuth,  
How lang Lord wyll, this warld indure.

¶ Credit and frist, is quyte away,  
No thing is lent, bot for Usure:  
For euerie penny, thay wyll haue tway,  
How lang Lord wyll, this warld indure.

¶ For auld kyndnes, thow sall nocht get,  
Bot Magerie, Malice, and Iniure:  
Auld gude done dedis, ar quyte forzet,  
How lang Lord wyll, this warld indure,

¶ The dayntie Damnis, may nocht sustene,  
The faithfull for, to fyle thair sure:  
Bot treatis thame, & tryit trunpours bene,  
How lang Lord wyll this warld indure.

¶ Ane fenzeit flatterair, or fuisse I say,  
Ane Barde, ane Bragger, or Bordell Hure:  
Ar none treatit, so weill as thay,  
How lang Lord wyll, this warld indure.

**I**n all the earth, is no thing wer:  
In to no earthlie Creature:  
Nor heicht into ane Minister,  
How lang Lord wyll, this world indure.

**Z**it Papistis bearis ilke ane to vther,  
More liberall luife, I am moste sure:  
Nor dois sum Minister to his Brother,  
How lang Lord wyll, this world indure.

**A**nd now the Dochter and the Sone,  
Lichtlyis the Mother, that thame bure:  
And forzettis quhat, thair Father hes done,  
How lang Lord wyll, this world indure.

**O**f this Iniure and dyspyte,  
Wrocht of all cankerit Creature:  
I saye God's wourd, hes nocht the wyte,  
How lang Lord wyll, this world indure.

**F**or to behauld this Miserie,  
My breist in baill, it dois combure:  
Sen reuth is none, nor zit Pitie,  
How lang Lord wyll, this world indure.

**S**en all Estaitis, this gois astray,  
Lat no man think, bot this is sure:  
That God wyll Plaig us but Delay,  
For thus we can nocht lang indure.

**Q**uhairfore, lat euerie Creature,  
The Mercys of grit God procure:  
That we may ones Imbrace the Lycht  
Of Heavin, quhilk ever sall indure.

**C F R S.**  
**Q**uod Lauder.



